

The road is in a bad way today. It has been going from bad to worse ever since the strike of the shopmen. Its rolling stock and bedways are so bad that accidents

are almost unavoidable.

It is because of the bad condition of the road and rolling stock that the dividends are going to be cut.

## STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER AND A GOAK

By the junior offis boy.

n. y., jan. 25.—some people got a durn funny idea of humer if you dont beleave it, ask aleck mackenzie, witch lives in brooklin.

still, there are frends of mr. mackenzie's witch would advise you not to ask him

after sumthing had hapened witch i am about to relate, it had got around the naberhood, 2 or 3 frends of mr. mackenzie came up to him and said

well, aleck, you don't need a dockter to your house today, do you, ha ha

what aleck said to them in reply didnt have no ha, ha on the end of it, and it was good snappy stuff to brake off a frendship with the trouble was this, mr. mackenzie has a beautiful dauter

trouble enuf for any man in these days, even in brooklin, but there is worse to come

the uther evening mr. mackenzie was reading the brooklin bugle and thinking of going to bed, as it was almost 8 o'clock, when the dorebell rang

who can that be, at this hour of the nite, says mr. mackenzie, going to the dore

there stood a guy with a 3-cornered set of whiskers and a leather tool chest

i am dock jones, he says, and i

have come on the run

what's the hurry, says mr. mackenzie, get your breth and then explane yourself

explane myself, says the dock, aint your dauter terrable sick, somebody telafoned me that she was

just then another boob with a bush on his map drove up in a speed wagon and hopped out

where is the sick girl, he says, dashin up the steps, i am dock brown

well, sir, in about 15 minnits mr. mackenzie's front yard was so full of pill shooters that they was steppin on each uther

and mr. mackenzie's dauter perfectly well, setting in the parler eating 2 pounds of fudge with a yung feller

beleave me, them docks was sore, and not having nobody else to cus, they cussed mr. mackenzie.

if he finds who sent in them telafone calls, there will be more to this storey johnny.

Bjones—Don't you think a talkative woman is more popular with the men than any other kind? Henpecke—What other kind is there?

Mrs. Nellie Hardie, 51, 1608 N. Sawyer av., suicide. Gas.